

TERMS:  
In Advance, \$2.00.  
By Mail, on delivery at our office.  
If paid within six months, if not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.  
No paper subscription until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietors.

CBS, M. PETTINGILL & CO., No. 37 Park Row, New York, & 6 State St., Boston, are our Agents for the Exchange in these cities, and are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

BUSINESS CARDS  
KNAPP & FULLER,  
PRINTERS  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Printing done in modern style, and on short notice.

W. P. RUSSEL, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
Having received my Health, I will call on patients in the line of my profession. 915

THOMAS H. MCLEOD,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Solicitor in Chancery,  
AND CLAIM AGENT,  
Office at his residence, West end of Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.

H. W. BREWSTER,  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,  
CLOCKS OF ALL KINDS.

FINE GOLD & PLATED JEWELRY,  
AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS  
SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
SPECTACLES of every description, FANCY  
GOODS, Violin Strings, Bows, Keys, &c.,  
Fishing Tackle, Revolvers,  
Cartridges, &c.

J. & C. G. STEELE,  
AGENTS FOR  
MUTUAL  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.  
OFFICE: 11 DAVENPORT'S STORE.  
Office hours from 9 to 11 A.M.

C. B. CURRIER, M. D.,  
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,  
Office, under Jewell Hall,  
MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
Office hours, from 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 1, and  
from 6 to 8 P. M.

JOSEPH BATELL,  
RIPTON, VT.  
Dealer in every kind of  
IMPROVED STOCK.  
November 6th, 1866. 121

O. S. DICKINSON,  
WATCHES AND JEWELRY, Silver and  
Plated Ware of every description.  
Next door to the Post Office.  
N. B.—All kinds of Gold Work done to order.  
Middlebury, May 16, 1866. 717

IRA W. CLARK,  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law  
AND  
Solicitor in Chancery  
Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy,  
Relief to insolvent and protection  
to Creditors.  
Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 25th, 1866. 431

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
Office in Brewster's Block, over Simmons & Co's  
Book Store.

J. H. SIMMONS & CO.,  
Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,  
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures, and  
Picture Frames,  
PAINTERS' BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
J. H. SIMMONS. A. C. THOMAS.

STEWART & ELDREDGE,  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.  
J. W. STEWART. L. E. ELDREDGE.

E. R. WRIGHT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Solicitor in Chancery.  
AND  
CLAIM AGENT.  
Middlebury, Vt. 38

KNAPP & CLARK,  
MIDDLEBURY, VT.  
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.  
Parties desiring to sell or purchase real estate  
will find it for their advantage to call on us.  
We have already several desirable dwelling houses  
and lots for our disposal which we shall be happy  
to show purchasers.  
L. E. KNAPP. Ira W. Clark's  
Register Office. 12th Law office, Main st.

J. S. BUSHNELL,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.  
Office at L. D. Eldridge, Esq. formerly oc-  
cupied by P. Starr, Esq.  
Middlebury, Vt., March 25th 1864.

VERMONTERS, at home and abroad,  
should send for the Catalogue of 200 Stereo-  
scopic Views at Vermont Scenery, to A. F.  
STILES, Burlington, Vt. 2811

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE,  
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand  
OATS,  
CORN,  
FLOUR,  
BRAN,  
MIXED FEEDS,  
OIL MEAL,  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR  
INDIAN MEAL,  
FLOUR OF BONE.  
at various other articles. Will sell at small  
margin from cost, for cash.  
V. V. CLAY. 347  
Middlebury, April 17th, 1866.

BURR & BURTON SEMINARY,  
Manchester.  
The Academic year is divided into Three Terms.  
The First Term commences Wednesday, Sep-  
tember 1st, 1867.  
Rev. ROSWELL HARRIS, Jr., Principal and  
Teacher of Classical Department.  
Miss RAZA, M. C. Clark, Teachers.  
Tuition from \$6 to \$8 per Term.  
Room Rent and incidental, \$1.  
Board per week, \$2.75.  
Young men having the military in view may  
receive material aid from the Burr fund.  
Circulars sent on application to clerk.  
R. S. CUSHMAN, Clerk. 2812  
Manchester, 1867.

IMPORTANT TO PURCHASERS  
We have Real Estate at our disposal, to the  
value of about \$125,000, consisting of Farms,  
Dwelling Houses and Lots, Sheds, &c., &c.,  
mostly located in Addison County, and some in  
the Village of Middlebury. We should be happy  
to show property to purchasers, and we are con-  
fident, we have a variety which will suit almost  
any one.

KNAPP & CLARK,  
Real Estate Agents,  
Middlebury, Vt., August 5th, 1867. 1317

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1867. NO. 30

POETRY.  
The Answer.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Spare me, dear angel of repose,  
And let the sunshine wave to-day  
Its golden threads in the warp and woof  
Of life as poor and gray.

Spare me a while; the flesh is weak,  
These fingerings still faint, would stray  
Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
The straight and narrow way.

Take off thy ever watchful eye,  
I am of thy rank and kind;  
The dullest slave at times must sigh  
To fling his burdens down.

To drop his galled, straining ear,  
And leave his summer warmth and calm,  
The tip of some unperfected shore  
Of blossoms and of rain.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
My heart for tears of long desire;  
This day be mine; be thine to-morrow  
As duty may require.

The day voice answered to my own,  
Sustaining my selfish prayer away;  
"To-morrow is with God alone,  
And man hath but to-day."

Say not the fond, vain heart within,  
The fabled youth still faint, would stray  
Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
The straight and narrow way.

"God thyself shall be the tempter still,  
And lead thee to the foot of Calvary;  
He leads the chosen few to-day,  
And leads the chosen few to-day."

Though God be good and true to Heaven,  
No force divine can ever compel;  
And, though the song of his forgiven  
May sound through lowest hell.

The sweet persuasion of His voice  
Respects the sanctity of will,  
He leads the chosen few to-day,  
And leads the chosen few to-day.

As one who, turning from the light,  
Watches his own grace shun fall,  
Dreading, upon his path of night,  
If there be day at all!

No word of doom may shut thee out  
No sign of wrath may downward fall,  
No word of fire may reach about  
The open gates of hell.

A tender light than moon or sun,  
That shines of calm and sweetly hymns,  
Max shine and smile forever on,  
And then be dead and dumb.

Forever round the Mercy-seat,  
The smiling lights of Love shall burn;  
But what if, hushed and low, the feet  
Shall lead the will to turn?

What if this evidence to see,  
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fall,  
And then a willing captive be,  
To make thy own Calvary?

O dream beyond the saddest dream,  
And then a willing captive be,  
To make thy own Calvary,  
To make thy own Calvary.

Thou hast the love that faith would break  
The fetters from thy bounden limbs;  
And dream that God can thus forsake  
A soul forsaken him!

—Independent.

MISCELLANY.  
Going a Strawberrying

It was a warm afternoon in July, and the Dexter girls, Mary, Jose, Fanny and Sue, were out on the broad piazza to catch the faint breeze that lazily stirred the leaves of the old elm that drooped its protecting arms over the old farm house.

"How stupid we all are!" yawned Fanny, turning down her book and delecting from the attempt to capture a fly that persisted in alighting on her nose.

"How I do wish it would thunder, or something would happen to wake us up."

"O, goody! there's Cousin Kate coming across the lots. Now for some fun!"

And dropping her work, away scampered Jose down to the garden gate to meet her.

Kate Wilde, or wild Kate, as everybody called her—and it must be confessed that she had well earned the title—came along swinging her hat in her hand, and in her custom her light elastic step showing that she was troubled with neither corns nor her corns, tight shoes.

She was a medium sized girl, with a clear bright complexion, brown eyes, and hair about the same color, and which, do her best, never would stay "done up" like the other girls, but, defying the restraint of comb and net, persisted in resolving itself into spiral curls around the neck and temples; a style of coiffure not at all unbecoming to the bright, piquant face of its owner.

"Now, girls," she said, depositing her self upon the steps of the piazza, and brushing back the moist hair from her temple, "don't all of you begin to exclaim how terribly hot it is; for one can see that by just looking at it; for one can declare, if you don't look as wilted as so many cabbage leaves! As for me, it is just such weather as I like; it fairly makes me grow!"

And she looked as though it did, as she sat there with her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, the very picture of health, fun and frolic.

"I've come to invite you to go a strawberrying with me as soon as it gets a little cooler. I know a place where they are as thick as cherries."

"Where?" inquired a chorus of voices.

"Down in Paddy's bog meadow, not a quarter of a mile from here. You know where it is, Jose; we went a berrying there last summer."

"Yes; but you know Deacon Barnes owned it then," Squire Graves is so cross! He told Bob and the Harding boys that if he ever caught them in his grass again he'd set his dog on them."

"Humph! Perhaps he'll set his dog on me!" with a toss of her head. It should really like to see him do it! But I shall I won't meddle with us girls. Not but that he's ugly enough to do most anything, but he'd be ashamed to. Sit, girls, will you? I shall for one for I don't mean that our delicious berries shall go to waste for the want of

some one to pick them."

After a little more coaxing and persuading, Kate carried the day, as she generally did, and it was finally agreed that she was to meet them there immediately after tea.

At the appointed time Kate made her appearance, basket in hand, but bare-headed, to the astonishment of the girls, who were waiting for her on the porch.

"Where's your hat?" was the immediate inquiry.

"The hat I saw of it, was going over the dam," was the cool reply. "A puff of wind took it off my head as I was crossing the bridge. But I wasn't going clear home again; I thought that I could borrow something, or else tie a handkerchief over my head."

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed triumphantly, as she spied a pile of hats that Jose had been bringing. "I'll wear one of these; it will be just the thing."

"So will I! So will we all!" was the merry response.

And following Kate's example, they arrayed themselves in the coarse straw hats, very generally worn by men and boys, during the warm weather, in their outdoor labors.

Thus equipped, with many a laugh at the transformation thus effected, especially in connection with their jackets, profusely ornamented with buttons, they set out upon their expedition in high glee.

"Squire Graves, the owner of Paddy's bog meadow and the fertile land, adjoining it, had been a resident of Greenville but a few months, during which time he had kept himself very secluded, turning a cold shoulder to the rather officious but well meant overtures of his neighbors, 'to be sociable,' as they called it. There was little known in regard to his antecedents, with the exception that he was a man of considerable means and unblemished character. On passing through the place he had been attracted by the beautiful situation of a small farm that was for sale. He bought it, and tearing down the old farmhouse, built a commodious and pleasant mansion, where he lived in solitary state with no one but his house-keeper and one man servant, rarely going into public, except to church."

He was not generally liked; the men folks laughed at his air of farming, and their wives were not a little indignant at his want of appreciation of the hospitality for which they were noted. As for the young ladies of Greenville, they were of the opinion that he was very handsome, with the exception of Kate Wilde, who declared that he was "a horrible looking creature, with his fierce whiskers and staring black eyes."

"Squire Graves was by no means misanthropic in his natural disposition; on the contrary, he had a heart more than usually sympathetic and generous in its impulses. His education and the chilling reserve of his manners were owing to a recent family affliction, which, though it attacked neither his wife or himself, had cast a temporary shadow over his feelings, and made him shrink from society. He had settled himself down to the dull routine of his present life with the fixed determination of never leaving it; but alas for the vanity of human resolution, especially those which repress the natural craving of the heart for love and sympathy, he was already growing weary of it. And, as near the close of day, the warm July day above mentioned—he sat upon the veranda smoking, an unusually lonely feeling came over him, and the silence around him seemed almost oppressive."

"What a bewitching pretty countenance that girl had!" he soliloquized.

"Kate Wilde, I believe they call her. I think I never heard such a sweet laugh."

"Squire Graves had seen Kate at church every Sunday since his arrival and had been irresistibly attracted towards her; and by her father's house, he had caught a glimpse of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks in the garden into which he had been tempted to look by the merry tone and cheerful laugh which proceeded from it."

Then as he dreamily watched the smoke circling above his head, he fell to wondering how such a face would look opposite him every morning at the breakfast table, and what a genial transformation they would effect in his lonely home."

The boys of the neighborhood had been very annoying of late in their depredations upon his orchard and garden, in which he took no little pride, and the announcement of this fresh "raid" quite exhausted his remaining stock of patience.

"They are?" he exclaimed. "I've tried what virtue there is in words, now I'll try the effect of something more potent. Go and unchain Bruno!"

With the huge mastiff at his heels, which, fierce as it was, was perfectly under his master's control, "Squire Graves reached the brow of the hill which gave him a view of the fair rangers. In a stooping posture, little could be discerned of them above the tall grass save their heads, whose strange gear certainly gave them a very masculine appearance."

In spite of his indignation, desirous of frightening rather than hurting them, "Squire Graves held back the eager dog until he had, by a loud halloo, warned them of his design."

As soon as the girls saw the three animals, with open mouth, bearing down upon them, they let fall their hats and baskets and made for the nearest enclosure.

are, over which they tumbled in a manner distinguished less by grace than expedition; giving vent, in the meantime to series of piercing screams, such as can proceed only from female lungs, and those in a state of unusual health and vigor.

All got safely over with the exception of Kate, who, being the last to go, hit her foot against a stone, and was momentarily stunned by the fall it occasioned.

As Squire Graves caught a glimpse of the flying foe, his angry feeling changed to astonishment and dismay, and he quickly hastened to the spot to prevent any further mischief.

"Back, Bruno! back, you brute!" he exclaimed, as Kate rose to her feet, and turned her flushed face towards him.

"Good heavens! it was the deity that had occupied his thoughts so much of late."

"I earnestly trust that you have sustained no injury, Miss Wilde!" he said, removing his hat respectfully as he spoke.

"Not in the least, sir; though it is not owing to any consideration on your part!"

"Very gentlemanly conduct, I must say!" she added, looking with an inquiring air, first at her sated dress, and then at the crest fallen man before her.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered; "but the fact is, your dress so deceived me that I—I really took you to be boys!"

"Took us to be boys?" repeated Kate, in astonishment.

Then as her eyes fell upon the hat at her feet, her anger evaporated in a clear ringing laugh, which did more than any thing else could have done to restore her to her usual ease and self-possession.

In the meantime, the rest of the girls had sought the shelter of a grove in an adjoining field. Missing Kate, two of the boldest of them volunteered to go and ascertain her fate.

As they came within sight of the field of their disaster, they were astonished to see "Squire Graves" politely assisting Kate over the fence; which act of gallantry she received with much apparent complacency and good humor.

When Kate reached the grove, she found her companions bemoaning their several mishaps. One had lost a net, another a shoe; dresses had been dragged through the mud, and torn in various places, and their apparel, as a whole, was in rather a disreputable condition. They were of the unanimous opinion that the "Squire was a brute," an "ogre," a "perfect savage!"

Kate listened to these anathemas in silence, though with eyes brimming with mirth. At last, unable longer to contain herself, she burst forth:

"Squire Graves isn't to blame. What do you think, girls, he thought we were boys?"

Here Kate sat down upon the grass, and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks, in which she was joined by the rest.

"He sent Bruno to apologise to you all," continued Kate, as soon as her mirth permitted her to speak, "and said that he should be happy to have us pick strawberries in his meadow whenever we felt disposed to do so. What do you think of that?"

"Think!" said Jose, with a significant look; "I think that the 'perfect savage' has been tamed very suddenly."

"What kind of a charade did you use, eh, Kate?"

At this, Kate blushed, and for once, as at a loss for an answer. So she changed the subject, by proposing that they all should start for home.

What the blunder meant, it is impossible to say, but this we know, that there was quite a marked change in "Squire Graves' bold and manly manner; he commenced as sensible as any one of them could become, though it must be confessed that he called at Mr. Wilde's much more frequently than at any other place. And more than this, the very next Thanksgiving Eve, there was a pleasant gathering at Mr. Wilde's, during which a certain ceremony was performed, at the conclusion of which wild Kate was Kate Wilde no longer. Yet, although she took a graver manner, her husband avers, (and certainly he ought to know,) "that she is the same merry, provoking creature that she was when she stole, not only the strawberries, but the heart of their owner."

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not afflict thee."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, he said, "Ah, then I must learn to sing better!"

Plato being told that he had many enemies who "poke ill of him," said, "It is no matter; I shall live so none will believe them."

Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractorily of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

NOT BAD.—A colored witness was examined in Washington City Court to prove the identity of a white man the other day.

District Attorney—"Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir, I see him."

"Was he a white man?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Do you tell me you saw the man and can't say whether he was white or black?"

"Yes, sir, I see him, but there's so many white fellows callin' demselves niggers round here, I can't tell one from t'other."

Witness dismissed.—Explanation satisfactory.

A ROMAN ALMANAC.—Among the interesting discoveries which are being daily made at Pompeii, that of a Roman Almanac deserves to be recorded. It is engraved on a white marble slab found in the vicinity of the Is gate, and contains the indication of the months arranged by three in vertical columns. Each column is headed with the sign of the zodiac pertaining to the month it contains, and curious indications concerning the agriculture and religion of the Romans are interspersed here and there. At the top of each column, under the sign of the zodiac, there is the name of the month and the number of days. Next follow the names, which, during eight months of the year, begin on the fifth day, a circumstance explaining why they were called *quintiles* in these months, while in the remaining ones they received the name of *septuaginta* on account of their beginning on the seventh day. The *ides* are not marked because the interval between them and the *nonas* was invariably seven days. The number of diurnal and nocturnal hours is also marked on the almanac, the integers being expressed in common Roman figures, and the fractions by an *s* for *semi*, or by small horizontal lines for the quarter. The equinoxes and the summer solstice are also marked; while opposite to the winter solstice there are words: *Hibernia initium* (the beginning of winter). Next comes the agricultural chapter, in which the farmer is reminded of the chief operations to be performed each month. The religious sections are not the least interesting. It tells us which of the gods is the tutelary one of the month; it also gives us the principal religious festivals, and I advise the farmer, if he would have a good harvest not to neglect the worship of the protecting divinities. At the top of the marble slab, Apollo is seen driving the car of the sun; and at the bottom Ceres is seen reaping a field. From all this information put into the almanac, it was evidently intended for the rural population. It has now been placed in the Museum of Naples.

FASHIONS.—We have received from that enterprising *modiste*, Madame Demorest's Mammoth Bulletin of Fashions (70 figures) for Ladies, for the Fall and Winter of 1867-8; and also another of less proportions (51 figures) for children of all ages, each accompanied by ten full size patterns and a pamphlet of descriptions; the prices are, for ladies, \$2.50; children, \$1.50.

This is really a "big thing." Bulletins of Fashions are issued semi-annually for gentlemen, but this is the first attempt to reduce the idea to practice for the benefit of ladies and children; and it is done with the liberality that characterises all this lady's undertakings. The mammoth plates contain every variety of dress, beautifully colored for actual wear, together with patterns and the useful hints contained in the description books, should we think, prove invaluable to every lady and mother, as well as every dressmaker. The plain patterns alone are worth more than the cost of the whole. For sale by Mrs. Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Nantucket is famous for pretty girls, excellent fishing "quantum" and good stories. One of the latter is told of an inhabitant of the island who lost hens from their roost. To detect the thief he placed a sharp scythe in a position to be clutched by the criminal as soon as he opened the hen roost door. The next morning there was blood upon the blade, but no hens were missing. The gentleman did not hunt for wounded hands, and a short time went to California, returning after an absence of several years. There used to live on Nantucket one of the largest story tellers for a young man in the commonwealth. He was quite popular, however, had a good deal of "lira-s," and on election days could get out more voters than any other native of the island. He was "stirring" voters one day, and came upon the returned Californian. "Hello, B—," said the latter, "give me a ride to the polls!" "No," said B—, "with an oath. A man as puts scythes in his hen roost shall never ride with me!" B— was never prosecuted for the confession.

THE INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—The Indian commissioners have left St. Louis for Fort Harker, to have another conference with the savages. Gen. Augur takes Gen. Sherman's place on the commission during the absence of the latter, and favorable negotiations with the Indians are expected. Many of the prominent chiefs profess to be anxious to meet the commissioners and treat for peace, though whether they will remain so peace fully inclined after the \$10,000 worth of presents have been disbursed, and they have nothing more to expect in the way of gifts, remains to be seen. There is certainly a full in hostilities just now, and only a few skirmishes and outrages have been reported during the week.

A FRANK CONFESION.—The editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era*, makes the following frank confession:

A pack of fools (of whom we were one), got the South into a war, and now a pack of like fools are resolved to keep her in hot water till the end of time, if the people permit them to do so. We care nothing for Gen. Sickles. Our only care is to restore the South to peace, plenty and quiet, and we pray God that every new-born fool in the land may be confined at the public expense, till by judicious treatment they are reformed to the soundness of mind necessary to good citizenship, and to serve on a jury. We have had enough of war, and our voice is for peace.

Agricultural Items.

It is stated that 13 per cent. of the mud of the London streets is abraded iron.

Barton, Orleans county, Vt., produced 1177 tubs or 62,562 pounds of butter during the months of August and Sept.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that farms can be bought now in Central Illinois, for about the figures of ten years ago.

The quantity of sorghum grown this year in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, is said to be much less than last year or the year before.

Henry Daniels, of Williamstown, has a cow only 14 months and 27 days old, which has given birth to a large and healthy calf.

The *Vicksburg Telegraph* urges the resort to sheep-raising as a business in Mississippi. The hills abound in Bermuda grass and would afford pasturage to immense flocks.

The Durham cow that took the first prize offered by the Bourbon county, Ky., show, was sold for \$1000, and the same for a "calf."

On the 22d of August, an ox, belonging to Mr. Alvin Morse, of Newfane, Vt., was missed from his pasture. Nine days after he was found in a piece of woods with his head between two trees where he had remained for this time unable to obtain any food or even to lie down.

The Durham cattle sent to Great Britain by Mr. Sheldon, of Geneva, N. Y., arrived at Liverpool, Sept. 3, and had a narrow dodge of the meat axe of the commissioners of the cattle plague law, whose duty it would have been to slaughter them at once, had they been landed instead of being sent back to Southampton, where they are to perform the required quarantine.

Four Chester county boys raised by Phineas Pierce of Royalton and whose weight lacked only 43 pounds of an average of 700 each, were sold at Brighton, this week.

DRUNKARDS IN OFFICE.—We would like to see the day when Senators, of the United States will no more tolerate a drunken man in their chambers than they would a viper in their beds. Amen! I say to the above from the *Evening Journal* of Chicago. For the last few years, the American Senate has witnessed scenes which resemble those in established bar-rooms. Members have reeled and staggered and even attempted to address their fellow members when their incoherent speech showed that they could not put two sentences together because they were so thoroughly drunk. Many times has this occurred, and with no word of reproof, until in one case the matter went so far as to demand some action on the part of the Senate. The fact however is notorious, that anything short of the most beastly intoxication has been over looked. Nor is this confined to the Senate chamber; to say nothing of the occupant of the White House whose record in this respect makes every American blush, there are various cases in different departments. Now this will go on and even increase until we take the ground that a candidate of intemperate habits is disqualified for office. When we do this, then we shall be saved from a repetition of those disgraceful exhibitions by high officials which fill us with so much grief and shame. Perhaps it is necessary that we should be thus humiliated, that we may be whipped and spurred to do battle with this great foe to society, who has brought, and if not defeated, will yet bring countless sorrows, sufferings and even death to our hearts and homes.

The saddest thing connected with this is that men who are known to be confirmed drunkards are elected to office and those who are on the road are not thought to be disqualified by their drunken habits for important public trusts. This shows that we regard drunkenness as comparatively a trivial affair, and the apology tone in which it is spoken of confirms our assertion. The habit as a whole is everywhere gaining ground and these cases of public exposure are eruptions upon the surface which reveals the extent of the disease. A constituency who would elect a traitor, does not hesitate to elect a drunkard. now if as a people we detect drunkenness and alive to its deadly evils, desired to root it out, we should have an eye to the habits of our candidates. We ought to put the stamp of moral condemnation upon drunkenness, and not till then shall we be saved from a repetition of those disgraceful exhibitions by high officials which fill us with disgust.—*Christian Register*.

Senator Williams of Oregon has married Kate George.

Madera is making wine again, as much as ever, and better.

The colors of the North German confederation will be black, white and red.

Most of the boys born in New England at week will be named Phil Sheridan.

Tough was fifty years old in August, and good the temperance pledge twenty-five years ago.

The annual increase of population in New York is equal to that of London, Paris and Vienna.

Foul air diseases are on the decrease at New York, thanks to the labors of the health commission.

As a funeral party in Houston was bearing a victim of the yellow fever to his grave, the supposed corpse kicked off the casket of his coffin and indignantly insisted that the pall bearers should carry him back. He is now recovering.

To remove stains from the character—Get rich.